



Vol. XL.

Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, December 30, 1871.

No. 4

Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Town and Country.

The city and country are not so far apart as they were in the days of our boyhood. Railroads have made communication with distant and noted cities a light matter, and one of frequent occurrence; and easy carriage and fleet horses have shortened the distances between large towns and the farms that were then thought a long way off. Farmers who lived four or five miles from the village were regarded as completely isolated, and were almost entire strangers to the inhabitants of the town where they went once in two or three weeks for their supply of groceries and the "everlasting"—as William Cobbett would have said—grist of Indian meal. It was seldom villagers visited the farms, and when they did, it was only those within walking distance; they could never think of going five or six miles into the country, unless to stay over night, or making provision beforehand to take a good "lunch" with them. Intercourse between the dwellers at the extreme points we have named was very limited. Consequently the farmer and his wife lacked that natural and easy manner that comes from mingling with society. They were both, perhaps, rather rough, and their children were shy and bashful. More than once we have seen the children of well-to-do farmers go under the bed, as a stranger entered the house; but that was in the long ago of which we write. Now the women of the country can, if they choose, wear as many dresses at a time as their city sisters; while in a great many instances they are possessed of a far better stock of general information, and can converse intelligently and pleasingly upon most of the leading topics of the day. As for the children, if anything, they are sometimes too bold, and have learned many of the forward ways and smart sayings from their city cousins.

At the present time the beauties and pleasures of the country, its quiet life, its pure air, its delightful drives and its complete freedom, are more appreciated by city and town residents than ever before. In numberless instances, those heretofore living in cities are seeking the country for their homes, and where they cannot purchase and have permanent residences of their own, as only the wealthy can, they are spending their summers in the country. Thousands and thousands of our city and town residents go to the country for summer board, and caravans away from railroad stations, up among the killises, and on unfrequented roads, will be found filled with these temporary boarders, who with their children are enjoying the freedom and seclusion of the quiet, country places. And although away from the heat and noise of crowded towns, they are still within measurable call of the same over the slender wires, while the daily mail brings to them the news from every quarter of the globe.

But in winter the country is not so inviting. Blank fields offer no inducement for a ramble, and the drifting snows sometimes render the roads anything but pleasant driving. So when the chill winds of autumn come, back go the summer boarders to their snug homes. They have no friends but friends up among the rocks and pine trees. Warm hearts, gentle natures and cultivated minds are found there, as well as unwatered milk and untaught air; and the friendships formed last the meadow flowers. Then country residents visit the towns and cities. These centers of business and society have their advantages, and the winter affords an excellent opportunity for farmers and their families to make use of them. There are libraries, and lectures and concerts and museums—all potent agencies for higher intellectual culture, and in order that farmers and their families may enjoy most of life, this higher culture is possible to them if they avail themselves of its means. And while the few go off to the large cities for their annual "polish," the many frequent the lesser cities and large towns, and often gain as much in real grace of manner and culture of mind as their neighbors of "quality." And so the country compensates the city, and return the country a reciprocal study the third year, the "Veterinary Art."

But a single line is given to it in the schedule, and the mention, whatever is made of it in the announcement setting forth the special features of the several courses of study pursued there. And we call attention to this because it is a master of too much consequence not to receive some recognition by an institution like that at Orono.

The statement of Mr. Albert Noyes of Bangor, regarding dwarf apple trees, will have an interest to all fruit growers. Mr. Noyes is one of our most careful and intelligent horticulturists, and his long experience, united to close observation, give weight and value to whatever conclusions he may form—and when formed, they are the honest conclusions of a reliable gentleman. We should be glad to have the views of our fruit growers upon the "bom" which Mr. Noyes has given them the consequences when.

We know, young man, I repeat the injunction of looking at both sides of the question, that the interest held out by your native State, and do not be too hastily influenced in a direction which may prove a source of disappointment and reflection.

The Late Mr. Gilbreth.

The sudden death of Mr. J. H. Gilbreth of Kendall's Mills, widely known throughout the State and New England as a prominent horseman, has already been chronicled in our news columns. The immediate cause of his death, however, was congestion of the lungs, and not congestion of the lungs, as stated. Mr. Gilbreth was a native of this city, but for many years had been a resident of Kendall's Mills, where he was largely engaged in business. He was an extensive dealer in hardware goods, owned many valuable horses, among them Gilbreth's Knox, and a Hambletonian stallion which promised, and had a large farm—upon which he had just erected an elegant barn, provided with steam apparatus for cooking cattle food.

As it is now, the efforts of the most thorough farmer at clean cultivation are rendered quite unavailing from living alongside negligent and careless ones—for unless concert of action is encouraged in this matter, a single farmer in a neighborhood can do nothing; the seeds from woods growing on his neighbor's land will take lodgment on his own. Let us watch the workings of these laws, if passed, brother farmers, and see if something of the same kind is not needed here. What think you about it?

State Agriculture Society.

The call for the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society will be found in our present impression. It will take place in this city, Jan. 17th, 1872, and we hope to see a good representation of the members of the Society present.

As will be seen from the notice, one part of the business of the meeting will be to determine if the Trustees shall be instructed to locate the annual fairs of the Society in the same place for a term of years—an important matter, and one of the decisions of which will have bearing upon the future work and influence of the Society. We believe its perpetuity and usefulness in a great measure depend upon the adoption of this plan, and have no doubt the Trustees, without opposition, will be instructed to locate the fairs of the Society, a term of years in that place offering the best inducements.

It may not be out of place to mention in this connection, that the editor of this paper, as Secretary of the Society, has received a communication from a committee of gentlemen, asking the Trustees to take into consideration the proposition to locate the State Fair for the approaching season, and thereafter once in four or five years in the city they represent. This proposition will be placed before the Trustees at their first session after the annual election, as two new Trustees are to be chosen at that time. And we venture to say a single paragraph from the communication referred to, in reference to the location of the State Fair, as showing the spirit prompting the action of the gentlemen forming the committee of correspondence, and as having a bearing upon the matter of location and the future operations of the Society. "It would," says the letter in question, "appear likely to give more character to the Fair if some systematic plan of that kind could be made, having it alternate for the next twenty years with Portland, Lewiston, Augusta and Bangor. It is well known throughout the State that the fair this year was because no suitable locality was ready to furnish proper accommodations. If the Trustees might think they have not sufficient authority to make this arrangement, would it not be advisable for them to propose to the Legislature to have the Fair (under the present circumstances of recent failure to hold the Fair), fixed by law in the above mentioned places? It would seem as though something should be done to elevate the State Fair to its proper position. There are a plenty of reasons why this great State festival should be made to attract a general attention."

The "Veterinary Art" at Orono.

College catalogues and announcements are sometimes delusive. Like western cities and speculative mining corporations, they often show larger "on paper," than they really are. And while all colleges and literary institutions, like many other corporations, and even individuals, have an ambition to make as great a show as possible, some are more completely open to this objection than others. It is said the addition of six new professors to the faculty of one of the New England colleges, about which something has lately been said, gives in fact no more strength to its actual force of instructors. And it is a question whether a college should include in its schedule of studies any branch in which it does not give instruction or has no means of giving it. Our State College at Orono, included in its course of agricultural study the third year, the "Veterinary Art."

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Our Present Number.

Several valuable and interesting articles will be found in the Correspondence department of our present number. Mr. Emerson writes upon a subject of vital importance, and we sincerely hope his serious, well considered words will be read by all. The subject matter is deserving of more than a passing notice, and thus secure his services to the State. We hope it may be accomplished.

Notes and Queries.

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Editorial Notes.

Several acknowledgments are unwillingly crowded out of this issue. They should properly appear in this Christmas number, but as the favors were received after the matter in this number was prepared, will our friends please accept our thanks, and wait another week for more suitable words?

For the Maine Farmer.

With the current number, the publication of the monthly edition of the *New England Farmer* ceases. The publishers announce that they do this in order to give more attention to their weekly edition. "Finding it difficult to issue both editions without allowing one to interfere with the proper conduct of the other,"

We think it shows, however, that monthly agricultural papers are rapidly giving place to the semi-monthly editions of the *New England Farmer*.

With the arrival of the weather, the pleasure of the winter months is increased to both classes.

It would be idle to say that with this familiarity of intercourse, some foolishness and it may be vice consequent upon a somewhat artificial mode of life, have not been transported from the one point to the other; but upon the whole the advantages and blessings far outweigh the evils, and the reciprocal good feeling between city and country dwellers should be strengthened as far as possible by continued intercourse and acquaintance.

A Law against Weeds.

The question of how far legal enforcement can be made to compel land owners to destroy the noxious weeds upon their premises, has been discussed somewhat of late by farmer's clubs and the agricultural press; and although the trial has not been made as yet, the plan is likely to be put in force. An act is now before the Illinois Legislature for compelling the destruction of Canada thistle; the provisions of which are the appointment of town or county commissioners, who shall require concerning the introduction and existence of Canada thistle, taking charge of all unenclosed land wherein they are growing, advising with the owner or occupier of enclosed land concerning their destruction, and compelling the utmost diligence in eradicating them, where parties are not disposed to do it of their own accord, without in any case depriving the owner of the land of any legitimate use and enjoyment of the same. This bill has already passed the Senate, and will probably go through the House.

Value of the Agricultural Press.

The *Practical Farmer* gives the draft of a bill which it submits to the farming community, and applicable to the greater part of our agriculture, as well as to the late Commissioner of Agriculture, Gen. Capron. He says:

"The most potent agricultural educator is the agricultural press. It yields a power of life which it did not possess twenty years ago. Its improvement within that period has been wonderful, and its progress was never so rapid, as far as we are concerned, as in the present time. The most able, practical, and progressive

newspaper is the *Practical Farmer*, of which Mr. C. V. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, announces through *Hearts and Homes*.

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Maine Farmer

Augusta, December 30, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

\$2.00 in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

All payments made by subscribers shall be credit on the sum so stipulated, and the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money due him.

A subscriber desiring to change the post-office address of his paper must communicate with us at the office to which it has been previously sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Advertisers' Notices.

Mrs. V. DARLING is now advertising and collecting for Cumberland County.

Mr. J. C. HARRIS, now advertising Franklin County.

C. H. COOPER, Esq., will canvass Lincoln County during November and December.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

We renew the liberal offer made to our subscribers last year, of which, we trust, they will take immediate advantage; viz:

All persons in areas who will send us the amount due, at the rate of \$2 per year and two dollars in addition, shall receive credit for all past indebtedness, and for a year's subscription in advance. This offer to stand open until the 1st of January, 1872. All payments made at this office, or by mail, or to our authorized agents previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms stated.

Editors' and Publishers' Association.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Editors' and Publishers' Association will be held in the American Hotel, at 21 o'clock, P. M., January 18, 1872, for the transaction of business.

All members of the Association are requested to be present. Editors and publishers in Maine who have not connected themselves with the Association are also earnestly invited to attend, and entreat themselves as members.

A committee of brethren of the craft will be in waiting at the office of the *Maine Farmer*, to answer all who come to place of entertainment.

As a Homage, President.

Augusta, Dec. 20, 1871.

Editorial Notices.

The President and the Civic Service.

Before the adjournment of Congress for the holidays President Grant sent in the report of the Commission that has been devising a plan for the better management of appointments to the civil service, and accompanied it with a message of which the most important portion is that announcing his intention to set the plan they have devised in operation with the beginning of the new year. The plan of the Commissioners is in brief and in the main, that the various offices of the civil service be classed and graded, that appointments to the lower grade in each class be made on the basis of a competitive examination of all candidates, and that vacancies in each grade above the lowest be filled by a competitive examination of candidates from the next lower grade.

It is not within the power of Congress probably, to make it obligatory upon the Chief Executive to appoint persons thus selected, and therefore whether this scheme be adopted and how long it shall be kept in operation is quite at the President's option. Not entirely groundless, then, are the fears expressed by some critics that after a spasmodic effort to carry out the intent of the new political influence will again creep in, and by it bring the civil service back to the condition in which it is now—a machine for the carrying of elections and rewarding the faithful servants of the victorious party.

The course of the President in this whole matter is open to another criticism, which we see advanced by some journals of standing—namely, that while all along professed the utmost devotion to what is vaguely termed "civil service reform," he neglected to do what he never lacked the power and must therefore have lacked the inclination to do, to make available the services of the Chicago sufferers, with the amount of the amount contributed by our citizens for the relief of the Chicago sufferers, in the amount of the same appearing in the lists of contributions published in the Chicago papers. The whole amount contributed by the heavy rain of Saturday night was still excellent, and every thing seemed to be done to improve it by the hundreds of fast-moving equipages which thronged the streets during the day.

Among the social festivities was a re-union in the afternoon of the Mission Sunday School.

Editorial Notices.

The Boston Evening Transcript, for the transaction of business.

Editorial Notices.

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Glory to him who bids the field
His blessing to our will to yield,
The sun gives warmth to all the flowers,
Till the golden harvest moon is over;
Thus are the golden skies grow dim,
Once, twice, three times, the sun by turns,
The day grows shorter, the night grows long;
He gives man harvest from the wild,
And drops the sheaf for the child.

But O, how glad we dare draw near,
To see the golden harvest moon afar,
What can we be to One who fills
The earth with beauty, and the sky with stars?
The leaves are the secret of the sea;

The wild beasts in a forest bœuf;

But, Lord, we know these other years—
Telling along with wavy feet,

Tell me, when the golden harvest moon is over;

What can we be to One who fills

The earth with beauty, and the sky with stars?

He gives man harvest from the wild,
And drops the sheaf for the child.

O Lord, Thou givest bounteous spoil
To us, to us, to us, to us, to us,

For our gray, dark evening skies.

The glow of August's evening skies.

He gives man harvest from the wild,
To call no home on earth thine own.

With him, when thou sowed harvest grain,

Nothing! but we have in this,

What is it? not, not, not, not, not,

Nothing! but we have in this,

To follow them through tears and whine,

And help them bring Thy harvest in.

Our Story Teller.

Mr. ANONYMOUS.

PRESENT.

One afternoon towards the end of September, the clocks in the city of London struck four, and the daily routine of business in the house of Paulin Brothers was over. These were very much similar to that day, but a story must have a beginning. The numerous clerks closed their ledgers, and stowed them away with greater alacrity than they had shown in bringing them out. They had been brought in, as they put on their overcoats, hats and gloves, began to chat with each other. One had gotten orders for the theatre for two, and asked another to have a shop with him somewhere, and then go thither; others had got commissions to travel, and were in a hurry to get on their disengaged, and be half-right turned somewhere. All had some personal object pertaining to love, war, pleasure or dinner, at least; a short, sharp striking of the bell, and all were off, and turned them from mechanical cogs into men.

One young man went up to the head of the department, and from his received papers, which he put into the breast-pocket of his coat, and off he went with a bound to his fellow-clerk, beyond bidding, good-bye to one another, and assenting once or twice to the fact of the weather being fine.

"A mean beggar, that Mapleton," said Jones, as he arranged the flower in his button-hole.

"Ay," replied Brown. "He dines for a shilling."

"And links the rim of his hat."

"Perhaps he is poor," suggested the charitable Jones.

"Poor I'll cry Jones. 'Who isn't?' Millions are not commonly found on clerk's stools. He has his salary, and he is not married; and yet he stints, and never goes anywhere, or does anything."

"Perhaps he has a vice," suggested Robinson, who always fought the battle of the absent.

"Ah! he may have, certainly," replied Jones, the Just.

"It's only his meanness," said Brown, who had made overtures to Mapleton, which had been met with more politeness than cordiality; "he is so confoundedly stuck up. Now all pride I hate mean pride."

The unconscious subject of all this disappearance walked down Cheapside to St. Paul's churchyard, where he stopped before a bonnet shop.

"Still there," he muttered, "that is lucky. He'll well it up, and then he'll be off."

He had a single, though poor, bonnet which had taken his fancy, and with the little card-board box in his hand, started off in the direction of Islington. In vain did Hanson cabbies raise their whips, and omnibus cabs cry out, "Tow!" Tow!

He walked every step of the way alone.

Home he came, through the bright and cheerful parlor, the ornaments and furniture of which, though not costly, were in perfect taste. There were flowers, books and papers, and a piano; open; music books lay about in corners, and a picture of a girl. How was a girl of nineteen, who was to come into over the bonnet. Home presently was ten, tea treated as a meal, and the meaningless supplement late dinners, understood by the term.

"We've got a goose," said Harry, and the young man in the course of his conversation, to the amazement of the young, "had a goose."

"Think?" replied Harry Mapleton, with his mouth full; "why, I think that if there were many men of fortune who knew that I had a sister who could make such a修养 as that, they would give her off from me."

"You're a man of fortune do not you?" said Mr. Anonymous.

"Yes, but a goose. How did you steal it?"

"Nowhere, it came together with its giblets, and half-dozen of sherry."

"What?" Mr. Anonymous again?"

"Yes."

"He is very good," said Harry, a serious expression on his face. "He deeply—'Have you any likeness of her?'"

"Oh, what grammar!"

"The verb 'get' takes an accusative, Susan. But about the goose. How did you steal it?"

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"What?" Mr. Anonymous again?"

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"He is very good," said Harry, a serious expression on his face. "He deeply—'Have you any likeness of her?'"

"Oh, one that I do wish he would send—his name, I hate mystery."

"But you like goose," added the sister.

"Well, yes; frankly, I do—sherry likewise."

"He is an end of our parents; but it's in the course to acknowledge him. How ever, I am ungrateful, but I am sorry, I had sooner be without his charity. How ever, it is ungracious to say so; and after swallowing a twenty-pound note, I am sure he would be a good master to a school boy, and come forward for that purpose by the church. Shall we invite our fellow-lodger?"

"Mr. Nicholas? Oh, certainly!"

When the ten things were cleared away, and the tea was over, the old man set to work upon his hunting-sabre, and scabbard, and while he sewed and darned, he read a poem about her—equitable division of labor!

Just as he had finished a chapter, the hall-door closed, announcing that Mr. Nicholas had come in and was about to enter. He gave him his invitation at once. Harry Mapleton rose and went out, returning presently, followed by the fellow-lodger, an elderly man with a slight stoop, who placed his hat and umbrella in the chair, and came forward to greet Susan, who took off her thimble to shake hands with him.

"Have you been to the British Museum today?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, yes; as usual; I am a leech upon the children of old books."

"Well, that is perhaps a prettier way of putting it, and more complimentary both to myself and the venerable authors I draw from; they are not to be despised, to be sure. But the bee-skins from bad to Worse, to Worse, in a quoth manner, which would never draw the honey out of a black letter volume, let alone a medieval manuscript. I feel that leech is more literal."

"But what would you have, I have to say to publishers?" said Harry.

"Nay, nay," said the old man: "I cannot complain. They pay me very well; there is not much competition in my masty line."

A tyro in physiognomy might have pronounced Mr. Nicholas to be inelegant and somewhat呆滞, but the art to decipher the expression which habitually spread over his features. There was a wistful, hunted look, which told of great suffering, either mental or physical.

He was the son of a man who had gathered all the pride of life, and was a dandy and nothing else; finding for a living, he had formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into a friendship with the young master and sister, in which the young brother was interested, and that little papa was interested for him, for even a very small establishment requires considerable attention

when you have only got the third part of a servant to "do" for you, she ought to be early at the other end of the day too; so he invariably yawned and stretched himself at the top of the stairs before eleven. But when he had made no preparations for going to bed, but put writing-materials out on a table, and drawing from his pocket the paper which he had received from one of the heads of departments before leaving the office, he sat down to work. It was three o'clock before his task was accomplished.

"A slice of luck this," he said to himself on turning in at last; "just as I was wondering how I would meet those payments! I had overlooked the time when I had to be in, which would show Susan that I was hard up, I get this extra job of work, which will set me straight. What a manager that girl is! I am afraid she thinks herself in dress and that, though, she has not a bit of tact; she shall not be, mother, if I help it!" And thinking of her who was gone, he fell asleep.

Susan's bed-room communicated with the parlor, and when her brother and Mr. Nicholas went up stairs, she passed through the doorway with a quantity of military materials, from which she proceeded to concoct one of those articles of feminine adornment which fathers and husbands pay so highly for.

"Well, old Harry!" her thoughts ran as her fingers worked. "I think that I do not see that his salary is too little for our expenses, and I don't remonstrate with him when he wastes his money upon things I read don't cost; but I should like to have him pay for his mattole and bonnets. The idea of getting me that bonnet; how surprised he would be to learn that I made it!"

The air of Harry-on-the-Hill must be peculiarly bracing, if the proverbial sentiment about the bird of St. Michael, attributed to the boys educated there, be founded on anything so practical as experience. The goose, they say, are awfully tame, but the hens are not neglected, or some dishonest person stepped in and crooked masters: your friend died, the estate went to executors; hands for settlement, and the rest of them, who will not do that? They consider the act of indorsing a friend's paper as a mere commercial form. "There is no risk. I shall not have to pay it. He is abundantly able to take care of his paper. I shall help him with his expenses, and I am not afraid that he will not give me his knack of making things, which secures me employment at my own home! How little he thinks that I often follow him into London, carrying my work to the shop where it is to be done, and then, of course, when I tried it first was not worth while, but they pay well for this. I wish Harry would spend a little upon himself; I don't see that his mattole and bonnets are the best, though."

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